Are Auxious to Lears on What Protection Roller to Overthrow the Burgiar Story Told by the Family, and Fasten the Guilt for the Killing of Mis Sister on Young Posburgh—The Facts of he Case in Se Par as They Mave Become

PITTEFIELD, Mass., July 13.-The trial young Robert Stewart Fosburgh, charged killing his sister, May Fosburgh, on night of Aug. 20, 1900, will begin next sday in this city and promises to be ne of the most interesting criminal cases cuhusetts has known since the trial of Live Borden charged with the murder of her father and mother in Fall River several years ago. In addition to the fact that the Fosburghs are people of wealth and social standing, the killing of the handsome girl of 18, which was done in the dead of night and under peculiarly dramatic stances, was in itself so shocking an affair that the country rang with the terrible story for months before it took on the added interest of young Foeburgh's ndictment and arrest for the crime. Before the event nobody outside a very narrow circle in touch with the Chief of Police the Prosecuting Attorney here had remotest suspicion that there was anything else in the tragedy than just what Posburgh family said there was-towit, a plain case of murder committed by rglars caught in the act of pillaging the

Young Fosburgh's arrest developed a theory of the crime radically different from hat heretofore generally accepted. By diligent work a chain of circumstances linked together by Mr. Nicholson, the Chief of Police, and his assistants, which when submitted to the Grand Jury was regarded as strong enough evidence of sumptive guilt on the part of the brother the murdered girl to warrant an mdictment against him. It is the theory of the prosecution that burglars had nothing whatever to do with the crime. The State will endeavor to prove that Miss Fosburgh was killed as the result of a furious family both which broke out in the dead of the ight, and that the story of the invasion of house by burglars was hastily concocted to save the reputation of the family and to avert the punishment of one of its bers for a crime which even the prosecution does not charge was premeditated or even intentioned, so far as the victim was concerned, on the part of the person who committed it. It is not the theory of the police that young Fosburgh, even in heat of passion, intentionally aimed at his sister the shot which took her life. It is their theory that the shot was aimed at another member of the family, either Fosburgh's wife or his father, and that Miss Foeburgh, presumably while acting as a peacemaker in the family brawl, came in range of the bullet. The indictment under which young Fosburgh is to be tried this week is for manslaughter only. The story of the tragedy as told by mem-

bers of the family is that after a particularly harmonious evening the house was closed and all went to bed some time about midnight. There was a guest staying with them -Miss Bertha Sheldon of Providence. In her honor they had been having a very merry evening. This statement emarmed by certain nearby neighbors, who, it is said, will testify that as late as 11:30 o'clock on the night of the tragedy they heard the sound of plano playing, singing and laughter in the Fosburgh house. Besides the guest, Miss Sheldon, there were in the house Mr. and Mrs. Fosburgh, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stewart Beatrice Fosburgh, the latter a girl about 14 years old.

All were on the second floor of the house. Miss May Fosburgh and her sister Beatrice slept together. Miss Sheldon and Mr. and Mrs. Fosburgh, Sr., occupied respec-

and Mrs. Fosburgh, Sr., occupied respectively two front rooms separated by a hail. Mr. and Mrs. Fosburgh, Jr., occupied a room adjoining that of May and Beatrice, connected therewith by a door. Across the hall from the room occupied by May and Beatrice was a spare room. This room had been lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fosburgh, Jr., and in it were a number of Mr. Fosburgh's things, including clothing and a recently purchased 22-caliber revolver, which was loaded and lying in a bureau drawer.

After the family had been in bed about an hour and a half, that is to say at about 1:30 in the morning, Mr. Fosburgh, Sr., says that he was awakened by the flashing of a light through the door of his bedroom opening into the hall. He started to get out of bed and had reached a sitting posture on the bed's edge, and with his feet on the floor, when he was confronted by a masked man who held a pistol to his head. Mr. Fosburgh struck the pistol away, knocking it out of the burglar's hand to the floor. It rolled under the bed, and afterward was found there—a .42-caliber bulldog revolver. Then between Mr. Fosburgh and the burglar there was a terrible struggle, during which one of Mr. Fosburgh a fibrated by some weapon in the nature of a sand club, and in the hands of a confederate of the burglar with whom Mr. Fosburgh was clinched in a deadly struggle. Mrs. Fosburgh, Sr., by this time had come to her husband's assistance, and she too was beaten, but beyond severe bruises received no lasting injury. yond severe bruises received no lasting

injury.

The noise of the struggle awakened other members of the family in their respective rooms. Miss May Foeburgh got out of bed, and went across the room to the dor opening into the hall. As she reached it and was about to step into the hall, a man standing on the threshold of the spare room opposite fired two pistol shots, one of which struck her in the heart, killing her instantly. As she was sinking to the floor her brother, Robert Stewart Fosburgh, the same who is now under indictment for

floor her brother, Robert Stewart Fosburgh, the same who is now under indictment for killing her—who was rushing through her room to reach the scene of the struggle, caught her in his arms and laid her down. Then he, too, had a flerce struggle with one of the burglars, and was struck on the head by a confederate as his father had been. One burglar rushed down the back stairs and escaped by the door; two more of the gang got out of an upper window to the roof of a veranda and so to the ground. All this, of course, occurred with great rapidity, so great that when Miss Beatrice Fosburgh, who had jumped out of bed at the same time as her sister May, stopped an instant to turn on the electric light, she saw when the light flashed out her sister aircady lying dead on the floor and her father and brother engaged in his struggle with the burglar. Miss Beatrice, who then was a mere child 14 years of age, has been questioned and cross-questioned again and again upon this point. Under all this she has not varied her story in the slightest essential particular. She says distinctly that she saw her brother struggling with a man whom she had never seen before, a stranger to her—in other words, the burglar. stranger to her -in other words, the

Miss Sheldon, who is slightly deaf, did not hear the disturbance until it had been in progress for some time and was not quick in getting into the hall. When she reached there the burgiar had fled, and the members of the family were gathered around the body of May, which lay on the floor where her brother had placed it when he caught her in his arms as she was falling. The above in cutiline is the story of the transdy. above in outline is the story of the tragedy as told by members of the family and by Miss Sheldon, the latter being the only

of the bargiare was found in the charm of footprints on the ground by the verants, from which two of them jumped in making their escape. Nearly a mile away from the house a pair of trousers were found that were the property of Robert S. Fosburgh. At a less distance a hat, a shoe and a mask made of a pillow case were found. Young Mr. Fosburgh's 32-caliber revolver, which had been in a bureau drawer of the spare room, was missing and has not been found since. The builet which killed Miss Fosburgh was of 32-caliber and of the same size and weight as those which fitted young Fosburgh's revolver. The mask found at a distance from the house was made from a

found since. The builet which killed Miss Fosburgh was of .32-caliber and of the same size and weight as those which fitted young Fosburgh's revolver. The mask found at a distance from the house was made from a Dillow case that was in the spare room. The Fosburgh say they never saw the hat and the shoe that were found until they were shown to them after the tragedy. Upon all these points the testimony of Mrs Fosburgh, Jr., confirms that of the other members of the household The stray shoe that was found does not fit the feet either of Fosburgh, Sr., or of Fosburgh, Jr. It has been traced to a New York shoe store and the date of the sale is known, but not the name of the purchaser.

Just what evidence is in the hands of the Chief of Police and the Prosecuting Attorney to upset this story of the Fosburg family is only particularly between young Bobert Stewart Fosburgh and his wife, were by no means uncommon. Immediately after the tragedy the house was vacated by the family and particularly between young Bobert Stewart Fosburgh and his wife, were by no means uncommon. Immediately after the tragedy the house was vacated by the family and the police had full possession of it. It is rumoved that they found in it evidence that goes to confirm their story—that, for instance, they found the furniture in the bedroom of young Mr. and Mrs. Fosburgh upset and awry as though she had been in a struggle. On this point young Fosburgh has made an explanation. He has admitted that the nightgown was torn and torn on the night of the garment in which Mrs. Fosburgh slept and that the garment was torn in consequence.

Another point made by the police is that it is august that the burglars should wait it is august that the burglars should wait

slept and that the garment was torn in consequence.

Another point made by the police is that it is queer that the burglars should wait until they got into the house they intended to attack before they made the pillowcase masks. To this the Fosburghs offer no explanation, merely contenting themselves with the statement of the fact that the mask found was made from a pillowcase that was in the spare room. The police also have touched upon the fact that the toes of the tracks found under the veranda point inward, toward the veranda. On the other hand those who accept the Fosburgh family's story of the trackedy argue that if a person lowered himself from the roof of a veranda before jumping he would that if a person lowered himself from the roof of a veranda before jumping he would face inward toward the house and jump backward, and that in such a case the tracks he made on landing necessarily would

backward, and that in such a case the tracks he made on landing necessarily would point in toward the veranda.

But it is in its entirety in the little that is actually known of the evidence in the hands of the prosecution that the police theory is most surprising. According to this theory, a family, heretofore always of the highest repute, suddenly broke out in the dead of the night in a murderous fight, and this after an evening that had been unusually happy and harmonious.

The neighbors testify to hearing the sounds of the hilarity and music in the Fosburgh house as late as 11:30 o'clock, and yet, according to the police theory, within two hours afterward that deadly struggle had taken place; the various articles supposed to be dropped by the burglars had been "planted" at remote distances from the house; the entire family, including a child 14 years old, had been coached in the lies they were to tell, and the head of the household, Mr. Fosburgh, Sr., was ready to go to the door and play his distracted part in calling for help!

It is all very strange and mysterious, and naturally there is much division of public sentiment, and especially is there

tracted part in calling for help!

It is all very strange and mysterious, and naturally there is much division of public sentiment, and especially is there an eager curiosity to learn what the prosecution and the defence have succeeded in getting together in the way of evidence bearing upon their respective sides of the

## ODD THINGS IN PENCILS. Some for Use on Glass and Some for Use on

are of course the kind most commonly used; but colored lead pencils are, in the aggre gate, sold in large numbers, and they are

made in very great variety.

"Artists' lead pencils are made in than fifty, in perhaps as many as a hundred, colors. In these pencils with the lead in wood, the wood is finished of a color approximating as nearly as may be that of the lead. A tray of samples of such pencils thus presents a very striking appearance, making more than a rainbow of color.

"There are made, also, colored leads, for use in pencils for movable leads. These artists' pencils of one sort and another are used not alone by artists, but by architects, engineers, designers, draftsmen, and others having occasion to use fine colored pencils.

"Then there is a great variety of colored pencils for general use, for checking and marking and so on, in office, and store, and library, and factory, some of these being sometimes used on textile fabrics, as well as on paper and wood.

"There are colored pencils, these also being made in various colors, that are especially designed for the use of lumbermen; as there are also pencils with leads of various colors made especially for the carpenter's use. "No doubt the common idea of a lead pen-

cil is of something with which we mark on paper, though the use of pencils for marking on wood is familiar enough, as, in a more limited way, is their use for marking on fabrics, and so on; but there are various uses to which pencils are put that must be less familiar, if not indeed quite unknown

uses to which pencils are put that must be less familiar, if not indeed quite unknown to many.

"There are, for example, pencils especially made for marking on glass, porcelain, polished metals, olicioth, patent leather and other things upon which an ordinary pencil would not mark at all. The leads of these pencils are of course made of a material especially prepared for the purpose. With such pencils marking is done easily on any of these hard, polished, surfaces and the marks may be as easily rubbed off.

"These pencils are in use in drug stores and hardware, glass and crockery stores and so on. They are made with white and with black leads and with leads in a variety of colors, the colored pencils being the more generally used and the colors most commonly used being red and blue and yellow.

"Another odd sort of pencil is one made for the use of surgeo is for marking on the skin in surgical operations and for anatomical purposes. These also are colored pencils and they are made in a variety of colors.

"In fact, simple a thing as the lead pencil might seem to be, it is really something that is made in almost endless variety; but, for all that, the pencil manufacturer gets every now and then from somebody a demand for new pencils for some special use."

## THE ONLY WOMAN SKIPPER. She Commands a Mississippi Steambest and H a

Had Her Share of Disasters. The only licensed woman skipper in the United States, according to the census reports, is Mrs. Blanche Douglass Leathers. She

commands the steambout Natchez, one of the largest craft on the Mississippi, and makes regular trips between New Orleans and Vicks-

regular trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg.

For ten years she has been earning her living on river steamboats and they have been exciting years, too. She has been on a sinking steamboat and had to swim ashore for her life, and while in command she has had her share of accidents.

On a dark night not long ago her boat ran on a sandbar with a jar that broke both smokestacks off short. The shock stampeded the passengers and the sparks from the brokenoff funnels threatened to set the boat aftre.

Mrs. Lenthers kept cool through it all. She sent the passengers into the cabin, took her pince at the wheel and after the steamboat backed off the sandbar stayed at her post for twenty-four hours. She was covered with soot and cinders, but she kept her station till the boat was tied up and all the passengers safely landed.

The "lady skipper," as she is called on the river, was one of the Louisiana State Commissioners to the World's Fair.

ONE COUNT AGAINST SPAIN.

Patternee That Marked the American Policy Toward Cuba libratrated by the Case of the Schure of the Steamship Cel. Lloyd Aspinwall—Spain Finally Forced to Make

A very large volume might be made out the story of our relations with Spain in nnection with Cuban affairs prior to the crisis which led to the recent war. One of incidents which caused serious trouble was called to mind in the course of a discussion in this city the other day, and as it rell illustrates the patience and forbearance hown by the United States toward Spain, and a the facts are known to very few persons new, the story may be retold now. The incident was the seizure by Spain of the American steamship Col. Lloyd Aspinwall in January, 1869. One of the persons concerned in the affair, J. M. Regus, is still living in this city.

When seized the stramer was on her way from Port au Prince to Havana. After three days of tempestuous weather she found her-self five miles off the Cuban coast. The sea had swept over her decks, put out her fires, split her coal bunkers, disabled her pumps and left her with a crew utterly exhausted In this plight she changed her course northwest-by-west. Steering in this direction about noon on Jan. 21 she sighted the Spanish man-of-war Hernan Cortes, to whom showed her colors and then apparently was permitted to go on her way unmolested. Suddenly, however, the Spaniard seemed to change his mind. He fired a shot across the Aspinwall's bows and brought her to. Now the Aspinwall, which was owned

the firm of J. M. Requa & Co., of 23 South mate business, having not the remotest con-nection with the perennial row between Spain and the Cubans. In addition she was acting as messenger for the United States Government, carrying very important despatches for Rear Admiral Poor, then commanding the North Atlantic squadron. All this Capt. McCarty, of the Aspinwall explained to the Spanish officer who came or board, and besides he produced his papers lemonstrating the truth of his statements. The Spanish officer would not listen to the story, would not look at the papers. His orders, he said, were to take the Aspinwall and all on board to Nuevitas.

"But," said Capt. McCarty, "here is my register and my clearance from the custon house of Port au Prince: a manifest clearance authenticated by the Spanish Consul at Port au Prince. Here, also, is an official passpor letter from the United States Consul at Port au Prince to the Spanish men-of-war in the Bahama Channel, and my shipping articles showing the names of my crew.

"It makes no difference," replied the Spanish officer, "I am going to take you to Nuevitas."

And to Nuevitas he did take the ship. There force was put on board and all the captain's papers were taken from him and sealed up in a trunk. At the end of six days Capt. McCarty received written orders to start for Havana. To these orders he paid no atten tion. An officer came on board and fiercely demanded why the order was not obeyed. "Because I don't go to sea without papers,

replied the captain. "You will not get your papers until you reach Havana," said the Spaniard.

'Very well, then," retorted Capt. McCarty as a prisoner with an armed force on board, will give no orders to start the fires under the boilers of this ship. Return me my papers, tow me back to the place where you captured me and I will go to Hav ana, my port of destination."

The Spaniards then towed the Aspinwall

o Havana. And right here it may be mentioned that at a subsequent stage of the procedings the Spanish Government dem anded f the United States \$1,400 as payment for

this bit of towing.

It was not until fifteen days after his arrival at Havana and twenty-three days after his capture that Capt. McCarty was permitted to communicate with the American Consul-General at Havana. This Government was not informed of the capture until was finally filed and was received by the State Department a week later. Then began a correspondence which wound its levious way through all forms of languid Spanish indifference until at last it took tone of vigor on our part that made the

Spaniard move briskly.

Mr. Fish, the then Secretary of State, called upon Mr. Lopez Roberts, the Spanish Minter at Washington, in forci ble terms for the release of the vessel and for prompt reparation. Gen. Sickles was then the United States Minister at Madrid. To him was sent copy of the note addressed to the Spanish Minister at Washington. The Spanish Minister replied, unofficially, that the case was in process of consideration by the Spanish prize courts. This in itself was not far from being an insult. The Aspinwall had not been seized in Cuban waters, but on the high seas. Such a seizure and the adjudication of the property seized by a prize court was an act

of war and nothing else.

Mr. Fish replied to the Spanish Minister with another demand that the vessel be released at once. It was on March 5 that Mr. Fish's first note to Minister Roberts was written. Day after day and week after week passed and no official reply to it came. Mr Fish began to lose his patience and Minister Roberts was visibly nervous. The Spanish Minister in Washington knew very well that the question of Cuban recognition was before Congress and that the men who were striving for a Cuban Republic had many sympathizers in both the Senate and the House. He knew what the effect upon the country and upon Congress would be if the full story of the Aspinwall got abroad Nevertheless, nearly a month passed and the Spanish Government paid not the slightest heed to the representations of the State Department The replies

finally made were evasive. Meantime the Aspinwall, with all her officers and crew on board, lay rotting in Havana harbor. The Spanish authorities would not even give permission to wet down the decks and sides of the ship. Under the blistering Cuban sun the calking was starting and the seams were opening. The Aspinwall already was unseaworthy. To add insult to injury a force of armed men was put on board and the work of lifting the coal out of the bunkers was begun. The pretence was that it was to search for contraband weapons and muni-

tions of aar. Capt. McCarty had seen enough of Spanish methods by this time to know what a move of this character might mean. He knew very well that to make out their case the Spanish were easily capable of smuggling arms on board. He set a sharp watch, composed of men from his own crew, on those who were prowling about in his coal bunkers. Then the Spanish put a night watch on board the ship to see, as they said, that no arms or ammunition were removed under cover of darkness and thrown overboard. Capt. McCarty on his part put a night watch on the Spanish night watch to see that no arms

or ammunition were smuggled up the side.

The Spanish indignantly demanded why

the President was not establed. The ident, in fact, was very much dissat and as the President at that time happ to be one Ulysses S. Grant, dissatisfactors. on his part was very apt to express itself in action. Indeed, President Grant was very seriousy contemplating bringing matters to a focus by putting an armed force on board the Spanish men-of-war then lying in dry dock in New York harbor and holding them as hostages until Spain made up her mind whether she would come to terms or fight Such a proceeding, of course, would have been nothing more nor less than an overt act

Things were at this stage when two perative despatches went from Washington to Madrid-one from Mr. Fish, the other from Minister Roberts. Mr. Fish's despate o Gen. Sickles sald:

"It seems that the Madrid Government gives assurance which the authorities Cuba refuse to fulfil. Ask explanations these evasions, and the immediate execution of the promises made to you."

In reply to this there was some further shuffling, but it evidently was for the pur pose of what the Chinese call "saving the face," for it was accompanied with the very Oriental assertion that the Council of sters "the day before" had decided to order the release of the vessel on receiving a final lemand in writing from Gen. Sickles. Eve then thirteen days more passed before the Aspinwall was liberated, on April 28, or just ninety-eight days after her seizure. She was so unseaworthy by this time that it took two weeks to patch her up.

tion, consisting of John S. Williams of the firm of Williams & Guion of New York, Juan M. Ceballos, a Spanish merchant of this city, and Johannes Rosssing, Consul-General of the North German Confederation, at to con sider the amount of damages to be paid by Spain. By the deciding vote of Mr. Roess \$18,450 in gold damages for demurrage to the vessel were awarded and \$1,220 in gold to the crew.

and outrages which this Government received at the hands of Spain before the final one the blowing up of the Maine, at last brought about what with almost any other nation would have come a quarter of a century

#### UNCLAIMED EXPRESS PACKAGES. Bargains and Queer Finds of a Man Who Makes Business of Buying Them.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 12 .- A sale inclaimed express packages here this week attracted two speculators who for years have made it a business to follow events of this character.

"A good many years ago I started in follow this business," said one of the specu-lators," and, on the whole, it pays. Sometimes I have got rich bargains and sometimes have got stuck.

"My first bargain cost me 40 cents and that nust have turned my head, for I have been since. It was a small wooden box and it proved to contain ten gold watches. A year later I was told that the watches had been stoles from a firm in Pennsylvania and had been shipped to the thief's confederate. In some way the thieves lost track of the prop-

erty and it was never delivered. "In Charlotte, N. C., the other day a business man paid less than \$5 for a package marked, 'Stuffed calf.' When the package was opened it was found to contain a stuffed calf, with two heads, two talls and extra legs. After I left Charlotte I read in the newspapers that the purchaser had received a fine offer from a museum for it. It is not often that freaks of this kind are offered for sale. I know of one case where a woman paid \$11 for a trunk which was supposed to be of value. She fainted when the trunk was opened and the skeleton of a man dropped

out.

"The queerest experience of mine was with the purchase of a stuffed dog—a thoroughbred fox terrier that had been the pet of a woman in St Louis. The woman loved the dog and when death came she had it shipped to New York to be stuffed and embalmed. In some way the package got lost while on the way home. I bought the package, found the owner and got back my ex-

age, found the owner and got back my expenses.

"One purchase that I made in Cincinnati was the means of running down some counterfeiters who had been operating extensively across the Kentucky border. My purchase was a keg, supposed to contain ordinary nails. Instead of nsils, I found inside counterfeit money, in half dollars and quarters. There was several hundred dollars of it in all. At the bottom of the keg I found a part of the counterfeiting outfit. A Secret Service agent followed a clue which was found in the keg, examined the freight way bills and within a week had arrested three men, whom he charged with counterfeiters depended, had been allowed to go astray.

"On another occasion, and in another city, I was attracted by a curious mark on a wooden box. It was such a mark as one tramp would make on a gate for the guidance of a brother hobo who was hunting food. This mark alone tempted me to buy, I bid above the others and found that I had purchased a complete burglar's outfit. As I was not in that line I gave the box to the Police Department, but they never found the owner.

"My richest find was in a box which con-

Police Department, but they never found the owner.

"My richest find was in a box which contained \$550 in gold. I paid \$13 for the box, which was a good bargain. The value of this purchase caused the company to make an investigation to ascertain the name of the shipper, but the detectives decided that it was stolen property and the shipper would not claim it for fear of being caught. It was always a mystery to me, however, why a thief, if it was one, should have taken chances in shipping money which could have easily been concealed in other ways. But then we are not able to fathom the business of a thief."

## INFLUENCE OF WEST POINT ON ART A Former Cadet Who Applied Science to Pictures and So Was Happy.

A West Point cadet is not permitted to hang a picture in his room. It matters not whether it be a portrait of his mother or his best girl or of Grant, Sherman or Sheridan. All pictures, everything ornamental, anything which would indicate an individual taste the regulations forbid.

Girls at college and some men at many of their colleges strive to furnish their rooms according to artistic standards, to display according to artistic standards, to display individuality, to make their rooms expressive of themselves, to give to a room what is called tone or atmosphere. From an æsthetic and perhaps from an ethical point of view, the time given to such efforts is not time wasted, but the West Pointer must give his time to other efforts. His artistic soul must find its inspiration elsewhere than in his room. That is a place for some sleep and much study: the study is chiefly of mathematics—quite appropriate, therefore, are the prescribed simplicity and order.

They tell of a graduate who, after his graduation straightway bought some pictures for the new room where he was destined to live for a while. He rejoiced in his right to have them and he hung them on his walls with gice.

with gice.

In a few days they failed to give him delight, for their presence seemed to violate the traditions of four happy years. Still, he did not feel quite willing to take the pictures down. At last he bought a spirit level, demonstrated by its aid each morning regulariy what he well knew before, namely, that the pictures hung straight, and having thus appeased the habit of inspection and sense of order, found that the pictures gave him thereafter unalloyed enjoyment. In a few days they failed to give him de-

# From the Scottish-American.

The Spanish indignantly demanded why he had set this watch upon their men. Capt. McCarty coolly replied that neither the Spanish men nor the Spanish officers were to be trusted, and that he proposed to see that they did not practise on him at least their favorite game of making evidence where evidence was lacking.

By this time matters in the diplomatic end of the affair were fast approaching a crisis. Two Spanish men-of-war, the Victoria and the Lealtad, had arrived in New York and docked. It was at this time that Mr. Fish sent a terse note to Minister Sickles in which he used the name of the President of the United States for the first time. "The

CENTRAL'S SMOKY TUNNEL.

PICIALS OF THE BOAD REPLY TO THE ARGUNENTS OF ITS CRITICS.

They Are Ready and Willing to Adopt System That Will Rid Patrons of the Dis-comforts of the Tunnel, but the Problem

The officials of the New York Central Railroad wear expressions of pained resignation nowadays. Abuse has been hurled at their tunnel in other days, but never did a heat wave move the public to such a simoon o rage against tunnel conditions as was stirred ip by the last scorcher. Many of the offcials are themselves commuters and, knowing the woe of the tunnel victim, they are not

thetic and tolerant. "The men who write the roasts live on the ther side of the tunnel," said one offici gently, as if that fact accounted for all. "It is kicking season, and 'kick the rail road' is as natural a suggestion as 'kill the

the seats of the mighty. However, airy persiflage isn't the only weapon with which the men in authority mee complaints in regard to the tunnel. They declare that they are being misrepresented and, acknowledging that the tunnel in an abomination, they insist that they have been for a long time endeavoring to improve the situation; that they are now bending every energy toward a solution of the problem and that ultimately electric motive power will be used, although up to the present time no practicable scheme for that purpose has been devised.

A Sun reporter interviewed a number of the most prominent officials of the road running into the Forty-second street station and heard practically the same story from all "We have been represented as confessing that we are impotent in this matter of tunne improvement," said one man. "That

unjust. If any one in authority here was understood to make that statement, he was nisunderstood. I may say that at present we have no perfected plan by which the change may be effected, or that under our present system of running our roads the change is impossible, but I do not dream of saying the thing cannot be done. It can be done many of the best engineers in the country and consultation with electrical companies that have every material reason for wishing to push the change have not yet evolved satisfactory solution of the puzzle.
"It has been charged that the expense

the undertaking is the obstacle that stands n our way. That is-I say it emphatically -not true. The expense is a great consideration-greater than the average man who clamors for the improvement' even faintly understands—but I believe I am speaking the truth when I say positively that if we could be shown a system which would beyond a doubt work successfully and accomplish the desired result, there would be no hesitation in adopting it and putting it into practice because of the tremendous outlay of money required. Of all the systems that have been devised by our own men or suggested to us, there is not one that is not merely in experiment and whose success is not highly roblematical. "It seems to me that no sane man can expect

us to sink millions of dollars in an experiment that does not show decided promise of success. There are no small experiments that we can make, no temporary relief measures that we can introduce. The change, when made, must be a radical one, involving an entire upheaval of our system and a tremendous expenditure of money. I do not think it strange that we require a very definite guarantee of success before going into the colossal undertaking. That guarantee no one has been able to give us. Critics have asserted that the problems involved in handling the tunnel traffic by electricity are simple, have been solved long ago and would not puzzle the most ordinary electrical engineer: that a satisfactory electric installa tion and equipment could be furnished quickly without any change of organization. I should like to have those critics present at the interviews we hold with electrical en-gineers and companies. We've had plenty

gineers and companies.
of such interviews.
of such interviews.
only within comparatively recent

times that broad development has been made in the methods of moving heavy units rapidly by electricity or the moving heavy units rapidly by electricity working toward their practical application to our needs. We have called in the best electrical authorities. They could give us definite and plausible schemes for the merely electrical side of the work, but the moving of heavy units from one given boint to another given point isn't more than a fraction of the problem we are facing. The electrician couldn't evolve a merely and the electrical couldn't evolve a merely and the electric motive power problems means a solution of our difficulty. It is true that an officulty. It is true that an officulty are that an officulty is the true that an officulty and the electric motive power problems means a solution of our difficulty. It is true that an officulty electric motive power problems means a solution of our difficulty. It is stated that the problem of the time lost that an other could be partially obviated by running through electric motors to the terminals of local trains. Then, too, the critic says, the through trains could make up for the time lost in change of motor power by the time saved in the tunnel, and all local trains could cut down enough time is the tunnel of the time lost in change of motor power by the time saved in the tunnel, and all local trains could cut down enough time is the tunnel of make a fast schedule and that none of our local trains runs more than sixty miles. He is quite right. It would be a comparatively simple matter to incove a train by electricity from a given point to point to proper the proper for trains available to at least any distance within 100 miles, and that none of our local trains runs more than sixty miles. He is quite right, it would be a comparatively simple matter on how to a suppose the train and the terminals, and our friends ton't be a s

therether.

If wish I could premise a retorned tunnel art week, but I can't. We are working on theory now that may work out successfully. I don't blame the public for hating the tunnel, but I do resent the statement that is problem could be solved if we were willing pay for the solution. We must have a dir chance of success to warrant our spendig the money. We are working seriously ad continually to find the pian that will furnish that warrant, When it is found, no nestion of money will stand in its way.

THRIFTY ITALIANS IN THE BRONX They Are Transforming Waste Places Inte

Italian gardens decorate the borough of The Pronx from Williamsbridge northward to Mount Vernon. These are not trim walled inclosures with evergreens of formal cut tall reserved Lombardy poplars, gravelled walks, sun dials, spouting fountains and gleaming statues, but just ordinary kitchen gardens, occupying land that wasteful native Americans have left to the tender mercies of the thrifty Dagoes. impire,' explained another man who sits in

Eminently practical as are the intentions of the suburban Italians in their gardening operations, nevertheless, with the decorative instinct of the race, they have not altogethe neglected methetic considerations. Many of these gardens have quaint little bower half hidden in climbing vines. Sometime the vines themselves that thatch the little utilitarian is sacrificed to the mathetic. The fences, too, are sometimes ornamental, as often as not cunningly-woven wattles, at once pig-tight and, more important, chic

Wherever a few square yards of unused soil could be found the Italians on The Bronz have covered it with useful vegetation. For several miles along the Bronz River a strip of soil, never very wide, often so narrow as to be neglected by the owner, lies between the Harlem Railroad and the stream. The narrowest part of this strip the Italians have made their own.

Sometimes the bit of garden slopes to the stream at an angle of 45 degrees. Often the soil is littered with out-cropping rocks

Sometimes the bit of garden slopes to the stream at an angle of 45 degrees. Often the soil is littered with out-cropping rocks or subject to the inundations of the stream. No matter what the difficulties, they are cheerfully met and overcome.

The crops of these tiny suburban plots include all the vegetables, late and early. Tomatoes and corn are special favorites along with onlons and peppers, which the Italians are so cunning to prepare. These crops cut no figure in the census, but they feed all summer and for part of the winter some hundreds of persons.

Men, women and children work together in the gardens, the men on Sundays and out of regular daily working hours, the women and children at all hours and on all days of the week. If the soil is thin, better soil is laboriously éarried in beskets and used to widen the area of a narrow garden. If drought comes, water is carried from the stream or the nearest well, and the garden is refreshed. No gardens in all the borough of The Bronx are better tended or more flourishing. The soil is worked with implements or by hand until it is almost impalpable powder, so that it is already half digested for the crops.

Night after night, when the growth of midsummer has thoroughly thetohed the little bowers, the gardeners and their families gather in the gardens to drink beer, sing and make merry. The songs are those which travellers have heard a thousand times upon the streets of Italian cities, "Lucia," "Funiculi, funicula, so familiar to those who have made the journey up Vesuvius, and the part song called "Stornella," dramatic and often full of passion.

Barefoot, bare-necked, black-haired girls of 15 with figures strong from bearing burdens on the head, sit in these suburban bowers and gladly listen to Italian love songs sung to the accompaniment of an accordion. Or perhaps sometimes on Sunday a barrel organist from Mulberry street astonishes the suburban bowers with the airs of the town. It needed neither Pingree nor suburban and society to set these nardy strang to t rence in common the same thing is hap-pening in half a dozen other places, and the prospect is that within the next three or four years the thrifty Italians will have trans-formed the waste places of The Bronx into a smiling garden.

# PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN NEGROES. Curious Community in a Remote Region Re

vealed by Murder. READING, Pa., July 13 .- The arrest William F. Jones, a negro, in connection with the murder of John Edwards, a white man, in the western part of this county developed the fact that the colored residents of Berks and Lebanon counties freely speak the Pennsylvania German dialect.

Jones speaks German fluently he says he has been raised among the farmers who speak only the Pennsylvania German. He says that all his relatives and colored friends, who are quite black, use only German among themselves, but when they are away from home they can speak enough broken English to get along. Whites and blacks

English to get along. Whites and blacks mingle freely.

Jones occupies a cell near that of Mrs. Edwards who is also in prison for her husband's murder. Her daughter, aged 14, is also a prisoner, on the same charge.

The German colored people can neither read nor write as a general thing, and their vocabulary hardly embraces more than 500 words. Some cannot speak any English at all. This is particularly so among the black children. These people generally live in the wiids or in the woods, and come in contact with few people. Strangers who are white and well-dressed are a curi sity. These blacks know very little of thurch or Sunday school. They work on the farms and in the quarries and are squatters, owning nothing. To hear a bunch of them in animated conversation using only Pennsylvania Dutch, is an oddity.

### HER DIVORCE CELEBRATION. Novelty in the Way of an Invitation Printed by a Stationer.

"Come back here a minute if you have time," said the stationer. "Did you ever see anything like this?" he added, as the customer approached
"This," was an announcement got up in regular wedding card style on heavy white paper. The stationer read it aloud: 

> MRS. ISRABL MURRAY
> the pleasure of rour presence
> celebration of her divorce
> from MR. ISRAEL MURRAY, Wednesday evening, July Tenth, Nineteen Hundred and One, at Nine o'Clock.

He paused and looked at the customer.

"Well. I'll declare!" gasped the customer.

"Surprise you?" asked the stationer.

"Well, rather, returned the customer.

"It's the funniest thing I ever heard of.

"It's a new one on me, too," said the stationer. "I've printed a good many odd invitations and announcements in my time, but this thing of celebrating a divorce is a decided novelty. I don't know whether the customer is ever going to become popular or not, but if there are many people in New York as glad to be released from matrimonial entanglements as is Mrs Israel Murray I will probably print a good many such notices in the course of the next few months."

## But Little Hurt by a Fall of 107 Feet. From the Philadelphia Record.

From the Philadelphia Record.

SHAEON, Pa. July 10.—Andrew Hill. a painter, fell 107 feet from the top of a standpipe at the Sharon Steel Works to the ground to-day and sustained but slight injuries. He was painting the stack when he lost his balance and dropped. In his descent he grasped a rope, but the strands cut and burned his flesh to the bones. His muscles relaxed and he went whirling over and over to what seemed like certain death. When he struck, his fellow employees expected to pick him up dead, a shapeless mass. He, however, was not even unconscious and except for some outs on his head and a sprained back he came out unscathed. It was against his wish that he was removed to the hospital.

BEGGARS IN WALL STREET

SBORERS PESTERED BY MANY KINDS OF MENDICANTS. The Annayance Grown Worse Since the Boom

in Stocks-Artists in Touching There Besides the Ordinary Tramp-Mistakes Brokers Make in Matters of Charity. In the higher ranks of beggardom it has

long been a saying that Wall Street is the best playing place in America for the calling. Every form of begging game flourishes there. been worse than before. So long as the begging was done with some

degree of art, Wall Street endured it cheerfully and gave freely. Lissome young women with soft voices and appealing eyes who wished to sell tickets to performances that never took place found a ready market; suave gentlemen in silk hats, who politely suggested subscriptions to organizations which existed chiefly within those hats, collected an occasional bonus, while the hardluck story, buoyantly and genially presented, was almost sure to be rewarded with the price of a drink. But the plain unvarnished tramp, with a five days' growth of whiskers and too well ventilated clothing, is not popular on Wall Street and this kind has become very prevalent of late. Along with him have come a horde of subscription agents. So Wall Street is now in revolt.

The publication of illustrated volumes on Wall Street and its prominent men has made it possible for the beggar to recognize Stock Exchange man in the Street, and it is quite a common thing for one of the board members to be approached by a seedy stranger and addressed by name.

"Mr. "link," begins the stranger, "I used to speculate in your office and had a run of luck, but I got on the wrong side of the market and now I am up against it. I want to ask you for a small loan until I sell a house I own in the country. When I get the cash for this place I shall be back in your office rolling up the money again."

The broker thinks he recognizes a casual customer and the loan is forthcoming. The ups and downs of Wall Street life make it necessary for every one to be kindly dis-

it necessary for every one to be kindly disposed to the man who is temporarily out at elbows. The borrower may be the lender in a few weeks' time. But when the same broker is approached a second time with the same tale of hard luck he begins to be suspicious.

At the same time, the broker must be cautious in his dealings with the stranger who accosts him on the street. There are many varieties of speculators, and some of those who drift in from the country districts wearing clothes that would make a hit on the variety stage are too good customers to lose. A certain member of a Wall Street firm had an unpleasant experience in this line recently. As he was going to the Exchange an elderly man in shabby clothes addressed him timidly:

"Yes, I am: but I'm in a great hurry."

"Yes, I am: but I'm in a great hurry."

"No, sir, I cannot," said the broker emphatically.

As he stalked away he was dimly aware of some messenger boys laughing at the figure his interlocutor cut as he stood, staring and discomfited. Half an hour later

phatically.

As he stalked away he was dimly aware of some messenger boys laughing at the figure his interlocutor cut as he stood, staring and discomfited. Half an hour later the broker came out upon the street again only to run into the seedy little man.

"Mr. So-and-so," began the little man, "I only wanted to ask you ef you couldn't——"

"Now, see here," cried the outraged broker,
"I wont stand being held up this way, If you do it again I will have you arrested.

"Then give me back my \$20,000," said the little man patiently.

"What?"

"I've got \$20,000 with your firm in Combined Wheat, and I just wanted to ask you ef you couldn't tell me whether I'd better hang on or sell."

The seedy little man was a country mill owner and a considerable speculator. It took the broker ten minutes to apologize in a manner befitting the occasion.

Another class of beggar that the stock broker seeks relief from is the insistent man who collects for a charitable institution, real or imaginary, principally the latter. He invariably descends on his prey at the busiest time in the day, bursting in on the broker's study of the ticker and reeling off a begging petition while holding out a book in which appear the names or well-known men as subscribers to the charity in question. Most of the names are inserted there without their owners' permission, but the list serves to lend emphasis to the collector's remark that "it will look very queer when the list is published if your name does not appear there."

appear there."

It is too late to recall the money when the broker learns later, by comparing notes with his friends in the Street that his name

It is too late to recall the money when the broker learns later, by comparing notes with his friends in the Street, that his name as well as theirs has been used in wholesale gathering in of funds, which never reached the charitable society they were intended to benefit.

So persistent are some of the bogus collectors of charity that it is all the doorkeepers of the exchange can do to prevent their penetrating to the very floor in search of victims. They are ousted from one entrance, only to seek admission at another; they lie in wait for brokers going in and brokers coming out; they fall in step beside their victim and walk and talk until the money is given as the casiest way of saving a scene; they ignore signs on private doors, are past masters at the art of bluffing office boys, and when not fattening at the expense of the broker they are picking up crumbs and whole loaves from the customers who throng his office and are always liberal and open-handed when the market is going their way.

Of late a new apparition has appeared in Wall Street. It wears a bonnet of coalscuttle shape, bedecked with scarlet and gold ribbon; it stands patiently outside the entrance to the Stock Exchange holding in its extended hand a tambourine. It is a silent apparition, so far as vocal evidence of its presence is concerned, but the tambourine is thrust out in a way that explains its object very forcibly and the attention of the passers-by is attracted to the object by the sign on a hand organ in the vicinity of the tambourine. On the organ there is a printed appeal to the world in general and Wall Street in particular to "help the homeless." It is self-denial week," the sign informs the brokers give to this worthy charity and help save the lost," asys another sign.

The organ plays rag-time airs; the girl in the poke bonnet rattles the small change in her tambourine, and the brokers smile and swell the fund. Nevertheless, the brokers protest against this begging plan with the others, for they feel it is out of place in a busy bu

## PUMPING OUT A SCOW. Easiest Problem the River Man Has -Just Pull the Plug Out and Haul.

"Nobody who knows anything about boats worries over a few feet of water in a scow if the water isn't too deep," said a river man to a Sun reporter. "Get ing it out is the

"Scows, as everybody knows, are flat botomed, and up forward in the bottom of every one is a plug as big around as a man's two fists

one is a plug as big around as a man's two fists. Dozens of empty scows fill up with water and lie at the piers with only the deck affoat every year. It doesn't hurt them. The owner just lets them lie so till they re wanted. Then ne sends a tugboat alongside and she hitches on. A man goes aboard the scow and pulls out the plug.

"Does the scow sink? Nary a foot. As the tug starts her up you see she lifts the old soow up some and the result is that the water in the scow pours out through the plug hole. It's hard pulling at first, but the faster the tug hauls the higher goes the scow bow and the quicker the water goes out, till the scow's almost dry. After a spin of a mile or so the plug can be replaced and the little water that remains in her pumped out by hand.

"Simole? I should think so. Fasiest."

by hand.
"Simple? I should think so. Easiest thing in the world. That's why scows are so useful. You needn't be so extra particular about caulking em so long as your cargo wont be hurt by water; and age and submersion seem to improve them."

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. MIDDLEBORO, Ky., July a.—Miss Mary Sumler, a pretty Bell county girl, had a thrill-ing fight for her life on Taggart's Creek this morning. While riding through a narrow part of the road a wildcat dropped from an overhanging tree, knocking her from her part of the road a widcat aropped from an overhanging tree, knocking her from her horse. Its mate joined in the fight and there was a terrible stru gie until 'e girl's screams brought assistance from a farmhouse. Her right side, arm and shoulder were horribly lacerated. It is thought that she will survive, although very weak from loss of blood.